

MAKING LOVE IN THE CHOR.

Puck.
She sat on the steps of the organ loft
Just after the second hymn;
And through nave and choir to the cool gray
spire
They settled themselves in the church be-
low
For the sermon that followed next,
And I seated myself at the altar's side
As the parson took his text.

I marked the tender flush of her cheek,
And the gleam of her golden hair,
The snowy kerchief round her neck,
And her throat all white and bare;
A throat so white that indeed it might
An anchorite entice the parson's word
As he preached of paradise.

My arm stole gently around her waist
Until our fingers met,
And a fitting blush the tender flush
Of her cheek grew deeper yet,
Snowy and fair the hand beneath
And brown the palm above,
And the brown closed softly over the white
As the parson spoke of love.

Ah, who is wise when deep blue eyes
Meet his and look coyly down?
Who would not drink, nor care to think
Of duty's jealous frown?
'Twas but to bend till I felt her breath
Grow warm on her cheek, and then
My lips softly touched her own
As the parson said "Amen!"

"A DAUGHTER WORTH HAVING."

"Harvey Mills has failed!" said Mrs. Smithson, one chilly spring evening, as she ran to see her next door neighbor and intimate friend, Mrs. James. "My husband just came home, and he says what we supposed to be a rumor only is a sad fact; the assignment was made yesterday. I threw on a shawl and ran over to tell you. They are keeping the house under some sort of an arrangement, but they have discharged all their servants; now, Mrs. James, what in the world Mills will do, with Mrs. Mills' invalid habits, and Miss Helen with her dainty ways and refined bringing up, more than I know, and pretty shallow Mrs. Smithson looking at her news-loving friend and neighbor, with the air of an epicure regarding some favorite dish.

"I heard about it last evening," said Mrs. James, adjusting the pink ribbon at the throat of her black silk dinner dress, and this morning I presumed upon your courtesy so far as to drive over and see how they were getting along. And really, Mrs. Smithson, you will be surprised when I tell you that, although I expected to find the family in great confusion and distress, I never saw them in such good spirits. The worst was over, of course, and they had all accepted the new order of things as naturally as could be. My cousin, Mrs. Mills was sitting as calm as you please up there in her sunny morning room looking as fresh as ever as she ate her toast and sipped her coffee.

"Our comfortable and cozy appearance is all due to Helena," said she. "That dear child has taken the helm. I never dreamed that she had so much executive ability. We were quite broken down at first, but she made her father go over the details of his business with her, and they found that by disposing of Helena's grand piano, the paintings and slabs, and costly bric-a-brac her father often indulged her in buying, we could pay dollar for dollar, and keep the house. My husband's old friend Mr. Bartlett, who keeps the art store, you know, and who has taken a great interest in Helena, brought back the statutory wages, etc., at a small discount, and Barker, who sold us the piano a year or so ago, and who is another old friend, and knew, of course, just how we were situated, took it back, deducting only twenty-five dollars.

"Helena has just gone into the kitchen. What she will do there I don't know; but she says she needs the exercise, that she has not attended the cooking school here in the city for nothing, and so long as the meals are served regularly and properly and the house kept in good order, her father and I are not to worry. After she told me that, I drew my call to a close and ran down to the kitchen to see her dainty daughter there. And what do you think? I found that girl at the sink, with her sleeves rolled up, an immense waterproof apron on, washing a kettle!"

"Washing a kettle?" repeated Mrs. Smithson, holding up both her soft, white hands in unmeasured astonishment. "Yes, Mrs. Smithson, washing a great black, greasy, iron kettle that meant and been boiled in, and had been boiled in, and had been left unwashed and gummy when the cook left. And do you know? She was laughing over it all, and saying to her youngest brother, who stood near by, that she really liked it, for she now felt she was making herself useful."

"The ideal of washing kettles!" and the two fine ladies looked at each other in open-eyed wonder. "It seems to me as if Helena Mills was trying to make the best of other father's altered fortunes and was simply doing her duty in the premises," spoke Miss Carleton, the pretty and accomplished graduate from Vassar, the two ladies engaged in giving her pupil a lesson in drawing on the opposite side of the centre table. She spoke in an earnest yet modest way, and it being the vogue in New City just then to patronize Miss Carleton, the pretty and accomplished graduate from Vassar, the two ladies looked at her amiably, and went on:

"Yes, perhaps," replied Mrs. Smithson, "but how could a girl of real natural refinement (both sides of the 'old stock') take so kindly to washing pots and kettles. The fact of it is people have been talking about her lately, and she never possessed that innate gentility she has had credit for. But every one finds their level, sooner or later—he, he!"

These two women, having thus summarily disposed of Helena Mills, socially, they repeated their belief that the lovely, dutiful young girl had now found her proper level in her set until it was common talk in New City. Miss Carleton in her round of professional calls among the so-called elite was entertained in nearly every household with the information that Helena Mills had given up her studies even, and gone into the kitchen—"and if you believe it, she likes it." Then would follow reflection upon the natural ability and bias of mind of young women who were "fond of washing dishes."

This sensible, accomplished little drawing teacher was the only one to be found, who mingled in the "upper circles" of New City, who said a word either in praise or defense of Helena Mills' new vocation. Miss Carleton always and everywhere protested that the

young girl's course was not only praise-worthy but beautiful. She maintained that every woman, young or old, high or low, who took upon herself the labor of elevating the much abused, as well as despised vocation of housework—upon which the comfort of every home depends—to a fine art, was a public benefactor.

Miss Carleton's friends all listened and laughed, and then went on with their senseless and malicious trade. She was heartily glad when her engagements in New City were ended and she was not obliged to move in such "select" society, whose ideas were always a mere echo of opinions—no matter how trivial and foolish—which had been expressed by a few of the most wealthy members.

Mrs. Dr. Forbes, nee Miss Carleton, had heard very little about New City society for five years. But having occasion to pass through the place on the car, she had treated herself to a little gossip about the conduct of whom she had known as a New City girl.

"There is no particular news," Mrs. Forbes, said, "unless it is the engagement of Helena Mills to young lawyer Bartlett, son of Colonel James Bartlett, you remember owner of the big corner art store. A capital choice, the young squire has made, too. She is as good as gold, and every body says she is the best girl in the city. She is a perfect lady, withal, and treats everybody well. Not a bit of nonsense or shoddy about her. Why, less you, Mrs. Forbes, when her father failed in '72, she took entire charge of the family, and she has managed the house ever since."

Her father is now in business again for himself, and employs more men than ever. Her mother, who has been an invalid for years, was forced by Helena's example to try and exert herself so as to share her daughter's burden to some extent. As the result of her new active life she has followed her lost all her ailments, and is now a happy, hearty, healthy woman. Helena's brothers have grown up to be fine men, helpful fellows, and the whole family are better off every way than before. As matters were going on before Mr. Mills' failure, the whole family were in danger of being spoiled by too much luxury."

"There was a good deal of talk at first among the big bugs about Helena's 'pots and kettles,' and they used to say she had found her true level. I always thought there was a piece of malice in that. The girl of her set carried her beauty and accomplishments. I am rather fond of telling them now that Helena Mills has found her 'level' in the richest, most influential, and just the best family in New City."

Wheat Growing Maxims.
Somebody has been a trouble of conducting a good deal of information about wheat growing into a very small compass, as follows, and somebody else has set it afloat without giving credit to the author:

1. The best soil for wheat is a rich clay loam.
2. Wheat likes a good, deep, soft, bed.
3. Clover turned under makes just such a bed.
4. The best seed is oily, heavy, plump and clean.
5. About two inches is the best depth for sowing the seed.
6. The drill puts in the seed a good deal cheaper and better than broadcast.
7. From the middle of September to the last of October is the best time for sowing.
8. Drilled, one bushel to the acre; if sown broadcast, two bushels to the acre.
9. One heavy rolling after sowing does much good.
10. For Flour, cut when the grain begins to harden; for seed, not until it has hardened.

Starting a Church Edifice.
In a city renowned for its crowded churches on Sundays, there was one called by way of eminence, the Brick Church. It was the first church built of brick in the city. Its congregation had increased so that the church could not well accommodate the crowd. It was at length it was resolved to build a new church. Meeting after meeting was held, but the prospects of a new church grew more and more discouraging, until the most hopeful became disheartened and were ready to give it up.

One morning after a discouraging meeting had been held, the pastor's door-bell rang very early. On opening the door the servant found a small boy, who enquired for Dr. S.

The servant told him that he had not come down, and demanded to know why. "I want to see Dr. S.," answered the small archbishop.

Presently Dr. S. came to the door, and found a boy, with a wheelbarrow three times as large as himself, holding two bricks, which he said he had brought to build the church with. The doctor put on his hat and walked out into the street, saying to every man he met—

"The church will be built; the first load of bricks is on the ground." And it was built—a large church, a convenient church, a beautiful church. Who shall despise the day of small things.

THE HAWKEYE.

One of The Strongest Insurance Companies in the Union as the Results Show.

From Des Moines Daily News.

Wherever insuring is done the name of the Hawkeye Insurance company is well known. It has become one of the most important organizations of the State. Its agents are in every city and hamlet. There is not a county in Iowa, where its money has not been spent in paying losses, in rescuing thousands from the poverty that, but for its policies, would have followed the destruction of their property by fire. The tireless energy of its chief managers, President Ingersoll and Secretary Howell, has infused a similar energy into all the subordinate officers and employees. They work for the Hawkeye, look after its interests, scrutinize its risks, and in general give to its affairs their attention they would give to their own. The company is deserving of such service. It is among the strongest financially in the Union. Its securities, deposited with the State Auditor for in excess of the legal requirements, furnishes ample evidence of this. In Des Moines it owns some of the choicest property. Its present home, on Fourth Street, is one of the handsomest blocks on the street, and next year it will add another to its possession. It is also offered, its affairs are economically managed, and its business is constantly growing. There is no better insurance offered by any company than by the Hawkeye.

India Rubber Varnish.

Dr. Alder gives the following recipe for making India rubber varnish: Inclose 30 grams of finely cut caoutchouc in a spacious linen bag, and suspend this within a flask containing a liter of benzine, by means of a thread; by the stopper, so that the bag remains near the surface of the liquid. In the course of six or eight days the soluble portion of the caoutchouc—about 40 to 60 per cent.—will pass into the benzine, while the contents of the bag will expand and become clear. The clear solution is quite viscous, and contains 1.2 to 1.5 per cent. of caoutchouc, is then carefully separated. The swollen contents of the bag retain one-fourth to one-third of the benzine used, and may be utilized for the preparation of an inferior kind of varnish. A solution of India rubber in benzine, kept in half-litre bottles, is decomposed on exposure to light, which may be seen by the change in the solution from a viscous to a thin fluid condition. Even in the dark this change goes on, till it takes about three times as long.

The Albany, (N. Y.) Argosy observes: Judge McGowan, this city, was cured of rheumatism by St. Jacobs Oil.

Charming Girls.

If you are fortunate in possessing beauty, my dear girls, be thankful for it, but do not overrate it. The girl who expects to win her way by her beauty, and to be admired and accepted simply because she is a lady has the wrong idea. She must secure a lovable character if she wishes to be loved, and my advice to you all is to lay the foundation of a permanent success in life and hold admiration you must cultivate the gifts that nature has bestowed upon you. If you have a talent for music, develop it, learn to play an instrument, for many are charmed more by music than by handsome features. Pursue the same course with regard to painting, drawing and design, and if you have power to obtain useful knowledge in any direction, do it. I have heard young men in speaking of their young lady acquaintances say, "Oh, they look well, but they don't know anything."

There is no necessity for such a state of things; books of useful information are everywhere. If you labor all day in shop or store still in odd intervals you can gather up an education and content with no greater difficulties than did Clay, Wilmore, Webster and others of our greatest men. If you go through life flitting hither, how will you be spoken of by and by? I own it is a pleasure to eat and drink and be merry, and be courted and flattered by all your friends, but how much better to cultivate character, sense and true womanliness!

The Salem, (Mass.) Register mentions: Mr. J. S. LeFavre, an artist, is surprisingly benefited by St. Jacobs Oil. Rheumatism twenty years. Demorest's Monthly.

Prof. Maspero, the savant in charge of the Egyptian antiquities, on behalf of the French government, has recently translated thirteen tales from ancient papyrus, which date back nearly five thousand years. They will soon be retranslated in English, and will excite much curiosity, for every intelligent person will be interested in knowing what kind of stories were favored with this very primitive people. From what the French papyrus, adventures rather than loves was the theme of these ancient romances. The most important of the stories is from an original papyrus dating from the XIIIth Dynasty, and is a tale of shipwreck told by a captain, who, as the only survivor, is cast upon an island abounding in delicious fruits, and inhabited by seventy-five amiable and intelligent serpents. The head of this interesting family treats his guests with distinguished hospitality, and converses with him in a beautiful manner. "And my name," is the name signed at the end of the papyrus, and represents a scribe who lived and wrote about a thousand years before Abraham journeyed into Egypt. It is truly wonderful how the past has been excluded from the pyramids of Egypt. We know the manners and religion of the ancients, but for the most part we are ignorant of the customs of that interesting people.

TWO WOMEN—A TRUE STORY.
A poor, invalid, widowed mother lay suffering on a bed of straw in a shabby tenement house in one of our largest cities. Two Christian ladies called; one gave her a missionary tract, and the other a prayer book, the other ordered proper food to be given, but instead of ordering a physician, she purchased a bottle of Dr. Guyot's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla for her. In a few weeks time the invalid was again up and about, and she thanked her benefactors. If your druggist does not keep it, ask him for it.

How a Storm Grew.
The following is from a refreshing, if not altogether seasonable paper by John Broughs, in Mid-Summer Holiday Century.

As the sun went down and darkness fell, the storm impulse reached its full. It became a wild conflagration of wind and snow; the world was wrapped in frost and flame; it enveloped one and pecked at another, and caught away his breath like a blast from a burning furnace. How it whirled around and under every cover and searched out every crack and crevice, sifting under the shingles in the attic, darting its white tongue under the kitchen door, puffing its breath down the chimney, roaring through the woods, striking a sheeted ghost across the hills, bending in white and even changing forms above the fences, sweeping across the plains, whirling spitefully up the walls—in short, taking the world end to itself and giving a loose rein to its desire.

Mr. George C. Coleman, of Seymour, Ind., writes: "I have kept Dr. Guyot's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla in my family for years. My wife thinks there is no such medicine as it. I think it excellent for weakness and indigestion. We also use it for coughs and colds and it does not fail us."

E. Balen, Elgin, Ill., writes: "After trying dozens of patent medicines, without relief, a rheumatic attack was struck off at last by using three bottles of Dr. Guyot's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla. I am prepared to say it is the best preparation I have ever used. Sold by all druggists."

A DEAD SHOT.

Cartier's Little Liver Pills have no equal as a prompt and positive cure for Sick Headache, Biliousness, Constipation, Pain in the Side and all Liver Troubles. Try them.

He who troubles himself more than he needs, grieves also more than is necessary, for the same weakness which makes him anticipate his misery makes him enlarge it too.

Hops and Malt Bitters is the best combination of remedies for the cure of dyspepsia, indigestion, constipation and other troubles arising from a disordered stomach or inactive liver. It is purely vegetable and contains nothing that can do injury.

He that does good to another does good also to himself, not only in the consequence but in the very act; for the consciousness of well-doing is in itself ample reward.

Young men or middle aged ones suffering from nervous debility and kindred weaknesses should send three stamps for Part VII of our Dispensary Dime Series of books. Address: WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

Life is a book of which we have but one edition. Let each day's actions, as they add their pages to the indestructible volume, be such as we shall be willing to have an assembled world read.

SAFELY AND CERTAINLY that great external remedy, GUYOT'S YELLOW DOCK, removes cutaneous eruptions by opening the pores whose obstructions are the cause of the difficulty. It cures ITCH, RASH AND WHISKER DYE, Black or Brown, 50c.

Natural petroleum, deprived of its color and acid, and made into a fine oil, is a beautiful preparation, and performs all that is claimed for it as a hair restorer. It cures itching scalp, dandruff, itching humors, and restores the hair to its natural color. Price 25c. Sold by all druggists.

Don't work your horses to death with poor old grease; the Frater is the only reliable make. Use it once, and you will want no other.

If you come home late bring your wife a bottle of German Corn Remover. Result: happiness. It cures corns, blisters, and restores the feet to their natural condition. Price 25c. Sold by all druggists.

Do you wish to be perfect in mind and body? Do you wish to be healthy and strong in all your parts? Allen's Brain Food will surely improve your mind and body. It is a perfect food, and gives perfect to every part, increases the Muscles and strengthens the brain.

By acting directly on the bile, assists the stomach in performing its digestive functions, and being a mild aperient helps to carry off the impurities of the blood, so that the secretory organs, such as the Liver and Kidneys, are enabled to perform their usual functions with a renewed efficiency. Price 25c; trial bottle, 10c. C. H. Winters & Co., Wholesale; Morrison, Plummer & Co., Chicago.

One of the rules in conversation is never to say a thing which any of the company can reasonably wish had been left unsaid.

CATARRH OF THE BLADDER. A reliable cure, guaranteed to cure in 10 days. Sold by all druggists.

I remember having been often told in my youth that the love of glory was a virtue. Strange must be that virtue which requires the aid of every vice!

Compromise the appearance of the skin and the health of the system. Do not use cheap, low quality, or high quality, but use the best. Do not use cheap, low quality, or high quality, but use the best. Do not use cheap, low quality, or high quality, but use the best.

The following are two of Prince Talleyrand's maxims for seasoning conversation, which will be seen are flavored by his peculiar philosophy.

THE NEW REMEDY.

HOPS & MALT BITTERS.

(Not Fermented.)

Liver & Kidney Remedy and Blood Purifier.

This New Remedy is compounded from the best botanical ingredients, such as Hops, Malt, Extract, Cascara, Sarsaparilla, Buchu, Dandelion and Serravallo's Compound, with an agreeable Aromatic Elixir.

These Remedies act upon the Liver. They act upon the Kidneys. They Regulate the Bowels. They Promote Digestion. They Nourish, Strengthen, Invigorate, and Refresh the System.

HOPS AND MALT BITTERS are the ORIGINAL and ONLY. TERS containing Malt Extract. And your Druggist, for them, and be sure that the label has on it the four words: HOPS AND MALT BITTERS in large red letters.

Take no other. At Wholesale and Retail by all dealers. ROCHESTER MEDICINE CO., Rochester, N. Y.

THE SUREST CURE FOR KIDNEY DISEASES. Do not take a lame knock or disordered urine indicate that you are a victim of KIDNEY DO NOT TAKE ANY OTHER REMEDY UNTIL YOU HAVE TRIED THIS. It is the only remedy that will cure you. It is the only remedy that will cure you. It is the only remedy that will cure you.

Ladies. For complete particulars of this wonderful cure, and for a list of names of those who have been cured, send for a free copy of our pamphlet. It is the only remedy that will cure you. It is the only remedy that will cure you. It is the only remedy that will cure you.

KIDNEY WORT. By always having on hand Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and Dr. Williams' Kidney Wort, you will be prepared to cure all cases of kidney disease, and you will be prepared to cure all cases of kidney disease.

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THE WESTERN INVESTMENT COMPANY, OF DES MOINES, IOWA.

Being the Law Department of Drake University.

Will open for its second year on Monday, September 23, 1882, at Des Moines, Iowa.

Instructors have been secured: Geo. H. Lewis, A. M., Dean of the Faculty, Law of Evidence, Contracts, Municipal Corporations, etc.

Hon. C. C. Cole, LL. D., (Ex-Chief Justice of Supreme Court of Iowa), Elementary Law, Notes and Bills, etc.

Hon. Wm. E. Miller, (Ex-Chief Justice of Supreme Court of Iowa), Jurisdiction and Practice in Federal Courts.

Hon. John Mitchell, (Late Judge of Circuit Court of Iowa for 5th Dist.), Law of Bailments, Carriage and Domestic Relations.

Levi J. Brown, Law of Agency.

R. F. Kaufman, Law of Corporations.

W. L. Heath, Law of Real Property.

Chas. Bowen, Probate Law and Practice.

W. S. Siskow, Criminal Law and Practice.

Myron E. Williams, Secretary of Faculty. Pleading and Practice, Equity Jurisprudence, Torts, etc.

The aim of the Faculty will be to give thorough instruction, and the Final Examination will be strict, requiring faithful work of the student in order to graduate. First Term begins Sept. 23, 1882, ends March 24, 1883. Second Term begins Jan. 2, 1883, ends June 14, 1883. Tuition \$20 per year, or \$30 per Term, payable in advance. For Advantages of Location, Course of Study, and other information, address the Secretary.

GEORGE T. CAMPBELL, Pres. GEORGE H. LEWIS, Dean. MANFRED E. WILLIAMS, Sec.

UNCLE SAM'S CONDITION POWDER should be used by everyone owning or having the care of horses, cattle, dogs, or poultry. It improves the appetite, promotes the growth, and restores the skin. Sold by all druggists.

DEER SICK—Use 42 boxes of your "Shole's" Insect Extirpator. Not a house, barn, or stable, but a future where it is used. It does its work perfectly, and is harmless to the human family in every respect.

Try the new brand Spring tobacco. AMERICAN CIGARETTE CO., Des Moines, Iowa, Aug. 9, 1882. ROBERTSON, NEW YORK.

Do not fail to cure your diarrhea, dysentery, and cholera morbus. Try it and you will know.

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, OF LYNN, MASS.

By always having on hand Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and Dr. Williams' Kidney Wort, you will be prepared to cure all cases of kidney disease, and you will be prepared to cure all cases of kidney disease.

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A Surprised Locomotive.

The people along the line of the Chicago & North Western Railway, La. to the inland towns were surprised and amused at a recent occurrence. So many strange things, however, are constantly presented to the attention of the people now-a-days that genuine surprises are few indeed. This was the exception.

We have read of the "painted ship on a painted ocean," and witnessed the "two of motion," as shown in dancing, but had never heard of decorative art in rapid flight on a railway train until this time. People observed with wide-eyed wonder, the locomotive and tender and full train of cars moving through the country, adorned on every available surface with the magical words, "ST. JACOB'S OIL."

It looked gorgeous, if full display of color was allowed to reach anything. It looked sublime, if the impression of the advertisement was to be the measuring standard.

It looked like a parade, if the parade was to be the standard of comparison. It looked like a circus, if the circus was to be the standard of comparison.

It looked like a festival, if the festival was to be the standard of comparison. It looked like a fair, if the fair was to be the standard of comparison.

It looked like a show, if the show was to be the standard of comparison. It looked like a spectacle, if the spectacle was to be the standard of comparison.

It looked like a wonder, if the wonder was to be the standard of comparison. It looked like a miracle, if the miracle was to be the standard of comparison.

It looked like a marvel, if the marvel was to be the standard of comparison. It looked like a feat, if the feat was to be the standard of comparison.

It looked like a triumph, if the triumph was to be the standard of comparison. It looked like a victory, if the victory was to be the standard of comparison.

It looked like a success, if the success was to be the standard of comparison. It looked like a glory, if the glory was to be the standard of comparison.

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